

THE LEXINGTON RECORD.

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

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VOL. I.

LEXINGTON, KY., MARCH, 1891.

No. 7.

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THE LEXINGTON RECORD will be issued the first of every month. The subscription price is One Dollar a year. Advertising space is Three Dollars per inch for one year, if paid in advance; or four dollars when paid by the quarter. Please address all questions and communications to LEXINGTON RECORD, 185 S. Mill St., Lexington, Kentucky. MRS. EUGENIA DUNLAP POTTS, EDITOR.

MRS. J. W. McCONNELL,
Business Manager.

There is no doubt that selfishness, as well as self-preservation, predominates in the human creature. The best of us are selfish—many of us unconsciously so. Even in our ways of doing good comes the trail of the serpent. There is one class of bread-winners who suffer greatly at our hands, and this comprises the shop-women, or sales ladies, as they are termed. A few hints for ourselves and others may result in mutual improvement at this Lenten season, when all hearts should soften at the thought of unnecessary suffering; when we should lighten the burdens and help others to live.

Ask in a pleasant way for what you want, and state distinctly what you mean. Do not, as Mrs. X. did, go in a shop and say, "I want some trimmings," as if the girl behind the counter were a mind reader.

Unless you really do not want to buy, it is hardly fair to have the tired arms tumble down piece after piece till the counter is piled mountain high. The girl is paid to get tired. Oh, yes; but if it were your own girl, would you not have mercy?

Sometimes you are in good faith yet fail to be pleased with the stock. All right. These hints are not for legitimate contingencies.

Have a care for even the feelings of a shop girl. Perhaps you have not seen the flush mount and the quick tear start as you vented a cross humor upon some mother's only dependence, her darling. And if of sterner stuff and she, too, shows temper, how unpardonable in her the sin you would pet and foster.

Do not say you can get the goods cheaper elsewhere. If you can, go there. Of all the unwelcome customers the one who "Jews" is an eyesore.

Clerks are human beings, often nervous and tired till the smile they would call up for your ben-

efit is but a sickly distortion. You know not of that restless night, that sick husband, or fretful babe, or private grief. You do not realize that a day off means docked wages, for business knows no mercy; and dollars and cents have no sympathy. The clerk must stand to his post, else those pushing from behind may crowd into his place. Nothing is easier than to supply vacancies.

There is too much shopping done from carriage windows. Avoid calling out the busy clerks, but go inside, or send some friend who will serve you.

Do your shopping before five o'clock, especially in warm weather. True, the nap at home in your cool corner is hardly going before that hour, and then you must have your breezy drive, fetching up at six o'clock to buy something. This is just right for you; but how about the pale bookkeeper back in her little dark, hot pen, obliged to wait till you are gone to record the charges, or the cash, for both must go down? How about the clerks who, having stood idle since dinner, must now fold up and put away and cover with dust spreads every counter in the store, when the hour has come to close doors and go home.

Our readers are all devoted to good words and works. Do not, then, forget the bloodless battles that are daily and hourly fought behind the counters.

Please pay the \$1 you owe for The Record.

▲ Friend.

Miss Nannie Smith, of Fairlawn, kindly donated five dollars to The Record. It takes money to run it, and every little helps.

The Main Street Church.

The growth of the Main Street Christian church seems almost phenomenal. There is scarcely a Sunday service when one or more does not take membership there, either by letter or confession. The exact number since New Year's Day has not been furnished us.

Our Business Manager.

Mrs. J. W. McConnell writes from Memphis that her health is better. She does not know, perhaps, how her friends miss her and long for her return. The Record thus answers the many questions concerning her.

The Record and the Ladies' Home Journal only \$1.75

The Mary Cecil Kindergarten.

Mr. Howard Gratz, editor of the Lexington Gazette, has established two monuments to the memory of his parents, which are far better than bronze or marble. To die is sad; to be forgotten, sadder still; and nothing so perpetuates the recollection of good men and women as that which calls for the continuance of their good deeds at the hands of worthy successors.

Gratz Park has won its high reputation as a pleasure ground. Here when the present owner was a lad, he played, with a hundred others, while the mother enjoyed their sport. And taking a few lessons in surgery from Dr. Dudley, that mother was wont to bind up the cut fingers, gashed heads and sprained ankles of the headlong clan. When apples were ripe on the farm, she had bushels of them gathered and brought to the park, where they were strewn over the grass, more than enough for even those greedy youngsters.

Mary Cecil Gratz was not only one of the most beautiful women of her day, but was ever active in good work. She was one of the founders of the Orphans' Home. In honor of her virtues her son has established a free Kindergarten at the Industrial School building on N. Upper Street. He employs as teacher, Miss Mary Hamilton, whose worth and ability are well known in the community. The

children who gather there are fast learning something besides squalor and misery. Realizing that the only path to the young animal's affections is through its stomach, their benefactor gives them a stick of candy every morning. This ensures a sweet beginning, and the rest is easy. A charity so noble deserves and will doubtless obtain, recognition for generations to come.

Mrs. M. P. Lancaster.

This generous patron of good work breathed her last on the night of the 24th inst. and was laid to rest on the 26th inst. with appropriate ceremonies. In her the poor had a friend, and while she lay nearing the end of her pilgrimage, the old ladies at the Home of the Friendless, which had long known her influence, kept eagerly asking, "How is she?" Truly there is one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

Mr. M. A. Cassidy, one of our subscribers, is laboring to establish libraries in the city schools, of which he is Superintendent. The plan is to have each child bring one book, and when gathered in catalogues will be made and officers appointed. Prof. Richards, of Chicago, began a course of lectures for this object on the 3rd of February,

AUNT JEAN'S LETTER.
Infirmary, Nurses, Donations,
A Twilight Visit. Incidents,
Lenten Thoughts.

DEAR FRIENDS:

What should a Mid-Lent letter be if not a message to hearts grown tender by daily communion with Him who spent these forty days and forty nights in deeper humbleness of spirit than we can ever know? I have not all of sunshine or all of shadow for you. There is just the blending which mellowes all human pictures however satisfying. Our

HOUSE BEAUTIFUL is growing, and bounteous hands are now, as in all these twelve months, showering upon us the means of growth which should be unto us a means of grace. The brick annex is nearing completion. A leading spirit in progress of all kinds asked me, "How much will it cost to furnish a Students' Ward in your building? There ought to be some place like that for sick boys far from home and mother." Shall we not encourage the suggestion? This is the season of the year which has proved so trying to southern boys, and numbers of them are sick now. Oh, for a light sweet, pleasant room like that where our last sick girl patient is cared for; and how fervent her commendation of the House Beautiful, where our white-capped young nurses brighten the atmosphere of sickness. Not alone do they cheer these wards. Out into the homes where disease and death come they bear whatever of comfort may be theirs to give. So faithfully has Miss Westcott fulfilled her mission for a dear young girl this holy season, that though not mighty to save, yet the bereaved parents were unwilling to let her go for days afterwards.

AMONG THE POOR

there was one suffering from neglect and wretchedness, whose needs were so soothed by Miss Larkin that her daily visit was hailed with inexpressible delight. Several public entertainments have interested the people in behalf of our needed fund, and to the question, "Are you going to become self-sustaining?" we answer that we are. "The Rajah" was played on the 7th of February, by a company of our amateurs and netted \$200. The beautiful Art Loan Exhibit which was conducted so cleverly and amiably by Miss Nettie McDowell and her assistants, yielded \$340, which Mr. J. M. Duff kindly made \$350. In one particular nook, beneath handsome portraits by distinguished artists, and surrounded by curios and treasures from every land, the sweet, bright spirit of the enterprise established John Scott, a delicate boy, whose game about the White House great men, was to be sold to help his widowed mother. Kind faces halted before his own pale cheeks, and hands were busy with purses till twenty-five dol-

lars had swelled his little treasury. On that last night, while rain poured in torrents, a message came that he must hasten home, his mother was ill.

SHE STILL LIES PROSTRATE on a bed of sickness, and the boy himself is threatened with a wasting disease. But he does not forget the sweet girl who was so kind to him. Night after night he has dreamed of her, with the tenacity of a frail organism and a precocious mind. On Washington's birthday the boy read an original sketch of the nation's hero, which did great credit to the memory of his father, the gallant officer, who sleeps in the Lexington cemetery. So while taking in money at the Art Loan for the House Beautiful, the sweet charity of helping others was not forgotten. And the money came in. Mrs. F. K. Hunt sent \$132; Mrs. Fitzhugh gave \$5; a friend sent \$9; another friend sent \$100; Miss Sue Scott \$5; Mrs. Katherine Reid gave \$264, the annual endowment fund for one cot, Mr. Will Pickett gave \$25; and

THUS THE WORK GOES ON.

Mrs. F. Gorton has sent valuable papers for reading. Mr. J. C. Bryant, who has shown much kindness, sent some useful empty boxes and packages of garden seed. Dr. Scott, of New York, donated three boxes of medicine and one box of cocaine. Mrs. C. F. Simonds, who has given so much from the very first, sent one dozen cans of corn, ditto peaches; ditto peas; one dozen oranges, ditto apples, ditto bananas, also hominy, grits and candy. Mrs. Ben Bruce sent old papers, for which there are so many uses. Mrs. Warren, a glass of jelly, old papers, and two pounds of butter. She is always big-hearted and watching for a chance to help. Mrs. France has again sent some of her delicious crisp white celery, than which there is nothing more refreshing. Miss Johns sent parsley, a bit of green to vary the winter's bill of fare. Mrs. Goodloe gave an overcoat for Joe Preston, the little lame boy adopted by the institution. Messrs. Cassell & Price sent him two flannel shirts. Mrs. Dudley gave him stockings. Joe's ambition, however, was for a pair of "galluses," so he was gratified in that line. Miss Jeannie McLean donated a bound volume of Harper's Monthly. Mr. S. F. Warren sent macaroni, cheese, and cucumber pickles. E. J. Curley sent a cask of whisky, and Mr. Johns a jug of distilled water. Mrs. Maria Dudley, whose name always appears on the list, gave old linen, and a padlock and chain for the ice chest. Mr. Spanier, a vendor of tinware, gave three tin boilers. Mrs. S. H. Allen, another whose heart is in the work, gave three china bowls. C. A. Johns donated a nasal atomizer, and Dr. McClure, two pus basins. Mrs.

Taylor, the matron, gave a set of muffin rings. This closes the list to the 19th inst., but there is scarcely a day without some contribution. This report does not include the yield from the nurses' engagements outside, which must reach nearly two hundred dollars. Stanhope Totten, the lad who has been ill all winter, is better now, and so grateful that he sent one round silver dollar as his offering. This is not the first gift from the children of Mr. A. I. Totten, and this dollar was a donation to the boy while so extremely ill. He has put it to a noble use.

THE HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS was cozy and peaceful in the waning daylight when I called. The bell, which always rings with a peal, brought Flip to the door, now grown to be much more than an armful, or a lapful, and he was wild with frolic. He seemed too, to monopolize Aunt Amy, and I found out why he was so happy when she said in sorrowful tones that Dick was dead. Yes—Dick the saucy, the wise, the tyrant of the kitchen, Aunt Amy's playmate, is dead. He got to be too impudent for his own good. One day he pecked at an unfriendly heel, which lost no time in kicking him on his little feathered stomach. He fell down in a fit and rolled over and over, she said; but afterwards he "peered up." Then he got fastened up in the coal cellar for some hours. Aunt Amy missed him and began a search. Peering into the darkness she said, "Dick, Dick." "Clear out! Clear out!" he screamed irritably; so she let him be for a while. When next she went he lay, toes up, and made no sign. Whether Flip got the best of him in a fight, for they were always at it, or whether the kick aforesaid gave a mortal hurt will never be known. Matron Mary buried him, and poor, widowed Biddy refused outright to hatch her eggs. "She won't lay, either," explained Aunt Amy seriously, "unless I put her on the nest and tell her she must." But Flip has it all his own way now and insisted on treating me as his best friend. I saw all the old ladies, but lingered longest by the firelight to hear

AUNT PATSY'S STORY.

She was glad of a chat with a visitor. She and Mother Steele sit in opposite corners and talk till tired of each other. She told how she lost two husbands, one little daughter of each marriage coming into the world after the father's eyes were closed in death, both of whom are dead now. Then of the struggle to live alone, followed by the kindness of relatives, till at last the Home was the only place left. "And here I've been for seven years. I would not leave here for a home with the richest person in Kentucky. I have all I want." "Yes," said blind Mother Steele, who sat listening and trimming her finger nails, "we have a good home, plenty to eat, a good Matron, and

we never want to leave." "But oh!" sighed Aunt Patsy, "if it would please the good Lord to prepare me and call me now, right now, what a blessing! Ninety-two years and better have I come. I have to be waited on now. Maybe I'll get so I can't do anything at all. How much better if I could end it all." And then I drew her thoughts to her carpet balls. She had made twenty-nine since my last visit, she and her blind companion. She had pleasant incidents to tell of the lady managers. Meanwhile Flip had been capering about us as we sat close together. "Get out," she cried sharply, and added, as he veered off and shook his head cunningly from side to side with eyes shining, "he's a fine pup, but I'm afraid he'll hurt my side,"—the lame side.

Dear friends, there are many of my readers who say they like to hear of these humble ones and their dumb playmates. A workingman met me on the street and said, "I read your letter Sunday till I cried. Here is a dollar for the paper, I want to do what I can to help."

A happy Easter tide to all.
Yours in Christian fellowship,
AUNT JEAN.

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Subscribe for The Record.

Lonesome.

BY E. D. P.

"Mama, has God got any more Dust up in Heaven?" "Why, my dear?" "Because," said May, "if He has got." Some more nice dust away up there, I wish He'd make"—and she laughed with glee, "A little brother to play with me."

Little Johnny—I say, pa, what does a "star" mean?
Pa (who is an actor and has starred)—It is an abbreviation of starvation, my son.—Texas Siftings.

FAUNTLEROY ON THE BIRTH OF THE DIAMOND.

L. L. Fauntleroy—Dearest, don't jewelers set big diamonds?
Mrs. Fauntleroy—Yes, Cedric.
L. L. Fauntleroy—Well, dearest do the big diamonds hatch out little ones?—Jewelers' Weekly.

The Record from now till September 1st for 50 cents.

New Subscribers.

Col. R. E. Edmonson, Mrs. Myrtie Mayfield, Mrs. Joseph Brower, (the last two handed in by Mrs. Cronly,) Mr. W. C. Aubrey, Mrs. Mary Irvine, and Mrs. F. Gorton, of Rochester, N. Y.

Too Hard.

BY E. D. P.

Said Johnny, "I shall never learn The catechism, mamma, see If they have not a *kitten* chism, For very little boys like me."

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J. C. BRYANT, THE DRUGGIST.
Is closing out his stock of school books at very low prices, and will remodel and refurnish his store room by November 1st. Shoppers will find it to their interest to call.
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The Woman's Guild.

The Guild has sent \$50 to the beautiful new church, St. Mary's, at Middlesborough. Through special contributions, aided by the Guild Treasury they entertained a number of delegates to the Y. M. C. A. Convention in February. They also gave a reception to the visiting ministers at the Rectory, furnishing a bountiful luncheon. The font for the Church of the Good Shepherd is under consideration, the Lenten contributions to go towards the purchase. The Employment Bureau have cut and made one hundred garments up to date of report. The Coal Committee have issued one hundred and four bushels to sixteen families since last report. The mission called

THE WOMAN'S FRIENDLY SOCIETY, mentioned in the February issue of the Record, is doing a vast amount of good. The ladies who have consecrated themselves to this noble work meet the mothers among the poor every Friday afternoon at the Church of the Good Shepherd, on South Broadway. Mrs. Eliza Woodward, whose purse is never closed, gave five dollars to

start the plan. With this material was bought for plain garments. The women are taught to cut and make these garments, each one earning and owning her piece when finished. The young girls who come are taught to knit. The interest is increasing at these meetings. There were four mothers at first and now there are ten. The primary object is not to clothe the naked. How much easier for these delicately reared teachers to send a garment. It is to teach the naked to clothe themselves; to mend, to build up, and not pull down. To so educate the taste for personal cleanliness, for home adorning, however simple, as will infuse ambition into the families.

THE CHAPEL

is chosen for the meetings because it is common ground. Even among the poor we find caste. To us they are the poor, the great unwashed. Among themselves there are distinctions. There are gradations from the genteelly needy to the poverty stricken, the moneyless, the abject, the pauper, the beggar. To our uneducated senses the lines seem finely drawn. Go among these unfortunates and we find things not dreamt of in our philosophy. Friends, send cast-off garments to this grand mission to be made over. Send garden seeds now so that these mothers of families may be encouraged to plant a little patch of ground that will yield. Help any movement that will instill pride and self-respect. That will cleanse the root of the evil. That will teach the religion of decency and of order.

The Sick.

It is impossible to estimate the suffering among the poor unless you go in person to their hovels of wretchedness. There are good women in this city who devote a part of every week to penetrating these haunts of misery and alleviating as far as may be practicable. And there is a higher class of sick in the scale of worldly prosperity to whom the alms of your presence would come like a ray of generous sunshine. It is not alone the body that needs healing and refreshing.

Young Men's Christian Association.

At the recent grand convention of this association in Lexington, the leaders raised about three thousand dollars to establish the work in this city. The programme during the three days of the session was full of instructive and pleasing speeches, interspersed with songs. The churches aided in hospitality of bed and board. It was shown how the association receives the young man with an eye to his improvement; physically, by means of athletic and gymnastic sports; intellectually, by means of instructive text-books and improving literature; spiritually, by means of the Bible training class and the personal influence of Christian

men; socially, by the warm, welcoming home atmosphere of the assembly rooms.

THE CONVIVIALITY

of the saloon is a prime incentive to its seductive pleasures. Supply this good fellowship among games and conversation and innocent good cheer. The church should supersede the necessity for any such association; but unfortunately the church does not. If man be the gregarious animal he is called, there must be more than the mere routine cold sympathy of theology to fix his wandering steps. Our April issue may contain definite plans of the good work to be done here.

The Teacher Taught.

BY E. D. P.

A tiny lad among rough boys, With golden hair and Fauntleroys, He took his place at A. B. C. Beside the gentle teacher's knee. "Now, what is that my little man?" She pointed,—"tell me, if you can." "Oh, no, I can't; for don't you see? I came for you to tell it me."

Misunderstood.

A deaf old lady riding in an electric car became much alarmed because of a blockade, and asked a young woman next to her what had happened.

"There is no danger," replied the young woman. "Remember that a kind heaven bends over all."

The old lady turned to her companion and inquired in a vexed tone, "Mary Ellen, what's that young lady saying to me about men's overalls?"

The Record and Ladies' Home Journal \$1 each, or \$1.75 for both.

St. Joseph's Hospital.

The number of patients admitted during the month of December was twenty-three, discharged eight, deaths two. For the month of January, admitted twenty-nine, discharged twenty, deaths four. From one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty are cared for by the institution all the time. About one-half or more are charity patients.

Miss Kate Drexel, of Philadelphia, who was received as a novitiate into the Roman Catholic Church as Sister Catherine a year ago, took her final vows in February, when she gave her fortune estimated at \$8,000,000, to the order of the "Sisters of the Most Holy Sacrament," recently founded by her.

Kind Words.

The Apostolic Guide of two weeks ago gives the Record a very generous and flattering notice. When we can increase our funds we shall hope to deserve the highest commendation.

Please remember the \$1 you owe for The Record.

Hints to Girls.

If you do not try to make your self look as pretty as you can you neglect one of your duties. It is worth while to make the most of all the good looks you possess; but that does not mean that you should revel in powder and purchased bloom, or spend hours in frivolous decoration. To have a clear skin, remember that you must have good health, and to have good health and a rosy complexion you must wear thick-soled shoes and spend a part of every day out of doors.

If you use powder of any kind on the face never go to bed without washing it off. Sanitary reasons as well as cleanliness require this. To keep your skin from roughening find by trial what soap suits you best, and use no other. Frequent changes of soap are bad for the complexion. Beware of those which are highly scented; as a general thing they are of poor quality, the scent being used to destroy the odor of the other ingredients used.

If you would keep your face and hands unwrinkled use tepid water; very hot or cold water is injurious. Also avoid burying the face in a soft pillow at night, which always produces wrinkles around the eyes.

A wash which removes the sunburn acquired by out-door sports is made by adding to twelve ounces of elder-flower water six drachms of powdered borax; apply to the skin, it will make it as clear and soft as a baby's.

Keep your combs and brushes sweet and clean. Wash them in tepid water containing a few drops of ammonia. The grease and soil will disappear as if by magic. Place the brushes bristles down to dry, and delicate celluloid handles will not be injured. To perfume your apparel put a few drops on small pieces of pumice-stone, and place in drawers and boxes and among dresses in wardrobes.

By using the following preparation for cleaning kid gloves, ribbons and laces you can keep the above mentioned articles in the "pink of perfection" with little trouble: To two quarts of deodorized benzine add two drachms of sulphuric ether, two drachms of chloroform and four drachms of alcohol. Put the fluid in a bowl and wash the articles as if in water, rinsing in a fresh supply. Do not use this near a lamp or fire.

Stepping Heavenward.

BY E. D. P.

"I'd like to go to Heaven, ma," "Oh, darling, don't you grieve me, Say, aren't you happy with me, dear?"

And do you long to leave me?" "Oh yes,—oh no,—mama, down here,

Who earns rewards ne'er reaps them,

Up there, the catechism says, God makes preserves and keeps them."

The Household.

[This column is open for contributions from our superior Blue Grass housekeepers. Ed.]

Onion Salad.—Chop two or three onions with half as much celery, put in a salad bowl and pour over plain salad dressing. O. M.

Fried Hominy.—Put a tablespoonful of pork drippings in a frying pan, set over fire. When boiling hot, put in cold, boiled hominy, stir until brown. N. A.

Mashed Turnips.—Pare and slice, put in a sauce pan, cover with boiling water and cook done, drain, mash, season with butter, cream, pepper and salt. M. H.

Buttermilk Biscuit.—Sift a quart of flour, add a teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of lard; mix with buttermilk, work well, roll thin and bake quickly.—Aunt Lindy.

Roast Guinea Fowl.—Draw and singe a pair of young guinea fowls, stuff with bread dressing, put in a pan with a little boiling salt water, set in a hot oven, baste and let cook until brown. Serve with giblet sauce and currant jelly.

D. S.

Broiled Salt Salmon.—Cut in pieces, wash well in cold water, then cover with boiling water and set on the back of the stove where it will keep warm, for an hour. Take out, wipe dry, lay on a broiler and broil. Take up, pour over melted butter and serve.

C. R. P.

Meringue Pudding.—Line a deep pudding-dish with slices of stale sponge cake, put in a layer of tart fruit jelly over it, pour a rich custard over and set in the oven to bake until slightly browned. Ice like cake and set in the stove to dry. Serve with sauce. M. L. D.

Hamburg Steaks.—Chop one pound of round steak fine, season with a tablespoonful of onion juice, little black a pepper and a half a teaspoonful of salt; mix well, form in small flat cakes and fry in hot lard. Make gravy and pour over.—C. F.

Corn Muffins.—Scald a quart of corn meal, put in a tablespoonful of lard, one teaspoonful of soda and half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix batter with buttermilk; bake in a very hot oven in well-greased muffin irons.—Black Mammy.

Ten per cent. commission on subscribers in clubs of ten at 50 cents from date till September 1.

Old habits are hard to get rid of—as you find when you take them to the second-hand clothing store.

"I'll bet," said Chollie, "judging from the way these trousers shrink, the wool was shorn from an unusually timid sheep."

It is not advisable for a bank cashier to read nautical tiles; the practice might inspire him to become a "skipper."

Notes.

The Charity Organization has a new Matron.

The Little Gleaners are preparing an entertainment for April.

The King's Lilies are saving up pennies for an Easter offering.

The charity ball is in abeyance for the present, but preparations will be resumed directly after Easter.

Two thousand pupils of the public schools commemorated Washington's birthday with elaborate ceremonies.

The daily service at Christ Church Chapel is largely attended by the women of the congregation. Why do not the men come?

Twenty-five ambitious women of Lexington have organized a Sorosis for mutual improvement and recreation. Mrs. Frances Beauchamp is at the fore.

Miss Mary Downey's Sunday School class will devote their Lenten offerings to the purchase of the much-needed font at the Church of the Good Shepherd.

Miss Sybil Carter, the distinguished missionary, is in the city enjoying the friends of her girlhood, while instructing by word and example in the great field of heathenism.

Many Methodists throughout the entire world will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the death of John Wesley, who died about 10 o'clock the morning of March 2, 1791.

Rev. John Newton, seventy-eight years old, and the oldest of missionaries in India, landed in Calcutta in 1835, and is still a hale and happy worker. He is a Presbyterian and believes in the "perseverance of saints."

Miss Ethel Bowles is a finished teacher of elocution, and deserves the patronage of the schools. There is a grace and finish and refinement in her renditions, and always a conscientious interpretation of the text. She lives at 161 East Main.

Mrs. T. D. Ballard is succeeding wonderfully with her chorus and sight-reading classes at her beautiful rooms in the Straus building. She has collected a good deal of the money promised to maintain music in the public schools, and solicits further contributions. Our citizens should visit the schools and see how the children read notes under Miss Enright's instruction.

The road from Jaffa to Jerusalem will be completed next year. Tarsus, St. Paul's town, has had a railroad for several years.

Judge—"Boy, do you understand the nature of an oath?" Juvenile Witness—"Yes'r. It's human nature, I reckon."

An Arab who lost his teeth probably speaks only gum Arabic.

Orphan Asylum.

A part of annual report of Lexington Orphan Asylum by Mrs. S. B. Cronly, Secretary, and Mrs. Mary E. Sayre, Treasurer, January 10, 1891:

Officers—Mrs. E. E. Woodward, President; Mrs. Dr. H. Skillman, Vice President; Mrs. E. D. Sayre, Treasurer; Mrs. S. B. Cronly, Secretary; Mrs. F. Albrecht, Matron; Mrs. M. Mayfield, Ass't Matron.

Twenty-four managers from the various churches.

There were 36 children in the Asylum Jan. 1, 1890, and the same number Jan. 1, 1891, 7 boys and 29 girls; 6 have been admitted and 6 transferred, and taken by relations. A large majority of the children are small, therefore none bound out; all but three, however, attend school with remarkable regularity. The health of the family has been very good, since early in the year, when there were several cases of La Grippe.

The building has been repaired and improved. Dr. Kinnaird is now the attending physician.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Jan. 1, 1890, to balance, \$146.88; donations from Mrs. Thos. Mitchell \$10, Mrs. M. F. Ford \$5, J. H. Davidson \$10, M. P. Lancaster \$20, M. Frazer \$1, R. H. Fitzhugh \$5, Phantom Lodge \$12.50, Mrs. Parker \$25, C. C. Moore \$10, Wm. Campbell \$10, Main street Christian church, (union collection Thanksgiving) \$30.50, Christ Church \$54.55, R. C. Estill \$10, R. T. Anderson \$10, Fayette county \$300, J. Hill \$500, fines and dues \$72, cow pasture \$21, city for one child \$72, Northern Bank dividend \$782, coupons \$280, collected from citizens for repairs to property \$537, city of Lexington for repairs on property \$500. Total, \$3,374.43.

By amount paid for groceries and provisions, \$258.61, amount paid for feed and fuel, \$125.14, amount paid for house expenses and wages, \$510.34, amount paid for repairs and furniture, \$1,333.40, amount paid for matron salary, \$800, amount paid for dry goods and clothing, \$266.68, amount paid for drugs and medicine, \$30.31. Balance on hand, \$649.95. Total, \$3,374.49.

A "day's journey" was thirty-three and one-fifth miles.

A "cubit" is twenty-two inches almost.

A "hand's breadth" was three and five-eighths inches.

A "finger's breadth" was about one inch.

Ezekiel's reed was eleven feet in length.

A "shekel of gold" \$8.09.

A "talent of silver" was \$546.32.

A "talent of gold" was \$13,809.

A "piece" of silver was about thirteen cents.

A "penny" was the same as the "piece."

A "farthing" was three cents.

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